Table of Contents

1. Chapter 1
2. Chapter 2
3. Chapter 3
4. Chapter 4
5. Chapter 5
6. Chapter 6
7. Chapter 7
8. Chapter 8
9. Chapter 9
10. Chapter 10
11. Chapter 11
12. Transition
13. Chapter 12
14. Chapter 13
15. The End
16. Christmas Special

Chapter 1

"I DECLARE WAR!"

Philippines was conflicted. For years, he was treated poorly by other first-world countries. His past and history showed that most of all.

Colonized by Spain

Sold to America

Tortured by Japan

Philippines had to undergo cruelty through centuries.

However, he thought of the other countries as friends. No. He thought of them as family. Philippines didn't bother to dwell on the past but something finally clicked inside of him.

"Look at what they're doing to us, Philip." Martial Law, his brother, says with a serious tone. "Garbage piles from both Canada and Hong Kong. Our territory is being taken by China. Everything we've worked hard for is being taken away from us." He continues, raising his voice by every word while Philippines was slightly getting enraged. He realized that he had set aside the actions of the other countries for far too long. "What would mom and dad have thought?" Martial states before Philippines finally snapped. "I've had enough of this! For years the other countries have been taking my kindness for weakness. They've used it to their advantage and I can't live like that anymore!" Philippines finally understood what was really happening. Philippines had come to his senses, he's had enough. He's finally standing up for himself.

Or so that's what he thought.

And so war was declared, declared upon countries that has wronged him. But Philippines was far too weak, he would be crushed in a

second. He had his brothers on his side, Martial Law and Del Pilar. They still weren't enough. Well, it wasn't like anybody needed to die, right? The main point of this fight was to make the countries that mistreated Philippines take back their faults and ask for forgiveness for their crimes against Philippines. All they needed to do was make the other countries submit defeat and apologize for their actions. Easy, right? Hopefully, but if push comes to shove, they needed support.

Seeking for more aid, Philippines looked towards Malaysia and Indonesia. Indonesia stated he had problems to deal with so he couldn't send any support to Philippines. Malaysia was already helping out Indonesia so he refused to answer to Philippines' call as well. Del and Martial tried to convince Philippines that they were enough, all they needed was to make the other countries concede to them anyways. Philippines decided to trust the word of his brothers but he could not help this shaky feeling of doubt.

Whilst Philippines and his brothers were preparing, a conference between the other countries was being held. "So what do we do now?" The Canadian country nervously asks the others. "Simple, force them to give up." The star-spangled country, America, seriously yet calmly, states. "How could you say that so casually? What if something happens? Would there be any bloodshed? Death?!" The land of the rising sun, Japan, exclaims as he slams the table they were all sitting around. "Calm down, Japan. America is right, all we need to take them down, no killing needed." China tried to soothe the enraged country down. The countries continued to talk amongst themselves, discussing the reality of this situation with each other.

In the background, the romantic partners of the other countries around the table conversed. Mainly the motherland, Russia, who was in a relationship with America. There was also South Korea, the loving partner of Japan. Lastly, there was Ukraine, Canada's lover. "Poor Philippines, maybe we should just apologize." South Korea says with a guilty tone. "I agree with you there, but the egos of these countries are far too big to give up easily." The stern voice of Russia states. "Let's just hope nothing too bad happens." Ukraine responds as nervous as Canada. They faced this horror of a problem

with Philippines in mind, knowing the possible outcomes.

Through the remainder of the day, Philippines thought about what would happen. Will the other countries come to an agreement? Or will he and his brothers join their parents in the afterlife? Philippines was afraid. He doubted his action on declaring the fight against the countries but for the sake of himself, whose independence his parents have fought for, he can't back down. He remembered how much he was belittled by the others. Slowly, his thoughts were clouded with a certain emotion, no longer was it doubt or regret or sadness anymore. It was anger. He was enraged about the fact that everything was taken away from him. His family was taken away from him. His people. Everything he had ever known and loved.

Philippines knew he couldn't think like that. They were his friends. But are they though? Did America really give him his Independence? Did the countries, who had caused him torture and suffering in the past, really regret their actions? Were the smiles on the faces of his prosecutors ever really go away? Did his friends ever really care about him? Or was it an illusion to cover up the history of pain that Philippines had to endure? Sure, he cared for his friends, quite a lot and more than what most think actually. But that didn't mean that those feelings were ever returned. After all, if they really did care, they wouldn't have had this fight in the first place. Right?

Philippines was enraged.

Enough was enough.

No more, never again.

This means war.

Preparations began, each country was armed with a firearm each, while the less-involved countries only had a handgun. They were set to meet near a forest, a clearing where they can openly discuss terms and agreements of this so-called war with each other the next morning.

Philippines and his brothers planned to only make the countries apologize for their actions, however the opposing side has something else in mind. Philippines worried about the conflict all through the night, only being able to get some sleep after tiring himself out.

Thoughts and worrisome imaginations came running around his mind.

There's no going back, but Philippines couldn't help but wonder, were they ever his friends?

Surely, at some point, they were friends, right?

Chapter 2

Today was finally the day.

Both sides prepared themselves.

Philippines went unarmed, his only objective was to demand for the countries to answer to their actions. He did however have a Bolo knife, a machete-like blade that was passed down to him by his father. He tried to convince his brothers to go unarmed as well. They knew the couldn't do that and so they went with handguns instead but nothing else.

The other countries were well equipped but not too heavily. They thought that it was better to be ready to face the worst than go underprepared. However, worrying and terrifying assumptions came to their heads too. Would there be any killing? Surely there won't be any serious injuries, right?

They were set to meet at noon with Philippines and his brothers already stationed there. Awaiting the other countries, many thoughts came to Philippines. He thought of the death of his parents, the death of his people, the death of... himself. He tried to think about something else, anything else in fact. He doesn't want to visualize those ideas right now. He tried to recollect the happy memories he had with his friends. Nothing. Nothing came to mind. Only a certain picture was placed in his mind. The smiles of his torturers. The people he thought were his friends.

Philippines was drowning in fear but a boiling anger started to rage within him

And soon enough the countries have arrived.

There they were, led by America himself and stood beside him were the other powerful countries that were on his side. Russia, Canada, Hong Kong, China to list a few. Unexpectedly, other countries that were not part of the conflict whatsoever, like North Korea, were

there too, possibly persuaded by America to join his side in this fight of theirs.

What made things worse was that both Malaysia and Indonesia were behind them, making it quite clear that they were against Philippines in this battle. South Korea was there as well, persuaded by his brother, so of course Japan was there too. Philippines' heart broke when he saw them. People he thought were his friends. A heart-wrenching betrayal struck Philippines.

Del Pilar and Martial Law were standing beside Philippines, a little bit in front of him to show their protectiveness over their little brother. However, it was clear that they too were afraid, noticeable in their eyes and their stance. They wanted to defend their little brother nonetheless, no matter what they face, Philippines went through too much and shouldn't go through anymore. As his brothers and even if they were filled with dread, they must stand.

"This doesn't need to happen, Philip. You know very well that we regret all that have happened." America starts, his voice never changing from the serious tone back at the meeting. "Have you though? Don't you think your tiny drop of regret is too little for my parents' death? Or what about my people you've slaughtered? Do you really think 'sorry' will resolve that?" Philippines fires back, showing no intention of giving up or backing down. Something he had been doing for too long .

"Philip, stand down before things get ugly. I'm sure none of us want that." China says, trying to calm the obviously enraged Philippines down. "Then why come armed to the teeth as if we're to enter a battlefield? If that isn't why you came then why arrive with such heavy firearms?" Philippines snaps right back at them. The countries were shocked at how furious Philippines really was.

"And what about the others? The ones that weren't even involved in any way? Mal? Indo? Did you really decide to join their side against me? I thought you two were busy!" Philippines says glaring at the other countries. "Philip, it's not-" Indonesia starts before being cut off by Philippines. "Don't 'Philip' me." Philippines snaps at them furiously. Both Del Pilar and Martial Law were almost as shocked as the other countries.

"I thought you were my friends. You say it doesn't have to be like this. Tell me, did you really regret the past? Or was that just some trick to make me believe your lies?" Philippines says, drawing his attention to America. "You gave me my independence, but was I really free?! Did you think it would be easy for me to let go of the past?! Did you think it would be easy for me to set aside each and every massacred innocent?! What kind of a person are you to think that apologizing is enough for the pain you made me suffer through?!"

"I trusted you. I trusted all of you! Now it seems like I made the wrong choice."

At that moment, Philippines' raises his blade.

And so the fight begins.

It was Philippines against The World.

Chapter 3

'***We have to keep running.***'

The conflict between Philippines and the other countries have been going on for a long time. The forces of the other countries drove them back so Philippines and his brothers had to retreat.

They ran through the forest, it was the only way to get away from the opposing countries. They knew they couldn't stop running, they'd die if they stopped even for a second. They ran as fast as they could only looking from side to side to see if the brothers were still together then--

BANG! A gunshot was fired and following that, a painfully horrifying scream, coming from none other than Martial. He was shot right through his chest, it's gaping hole left a terrified look on Del Pilar's and Philippines' faces. They went to him and started to panic, tears start to roll down their cheeks as they held Martial in their arms. "I'm... sorry... Philip..." Martial's dying words left Philippines crying even more. They looked over at the shooter, only to find out that the killer of their brother was America himself. America's face was filled with dread and guilt as if regretting all the choices he made in life.

Philippines and Del Pilar were enraged but they knew they too would die if they ever stopped to fight back. So they picked up Martial's dead body and started running again.

They reached a cliff, there was no where to run anymore. Martial's lifeless body laid on the ground next to Philippines who was crying over his brother. Del Pilar kept a protective stance in front of them as tears too were escaping his eyes. Stood against them were the other countries, the looks on their faces showed guilt and sorrow as a few of them started to form tears too, endlessly rolling out as they set their gaze upon Philippines, Del Pilar and Martial.

Del Pilar was enraged, he wanted to kill every single one of them.

He grabbed his gun and started spraying at them, until he too was shot. Philippines gave a horrified scream as he saw what had just happened. He looked over to the shooter, it was Japan. Japan had a small wound on his shoulder but his expression showed that he regretted the action he took, noticeable by the look on his face.

"Why?!" Philippines screamed at the other countries, as even more tears came out. "We were defenseless! We had absolutely nothing!" He continued "We were friends, weren't we?!? We didn't even intend to hurt any of you until you killed both my brothers!" He screamed at the countries, leaving them speechless, unable to say or do anything. Russia and America went forward "S-Sunshine, we're s-sorry. W-We didn't mean f-for this t-to happen-" Russia said reaching a hand out until Philippines grabbed Martial's handgun.

The other countries readied their firearms as well but were devastated to see Philippines point it at himself. "Get away from me! Is it not enough that this world treats me like this?! Is it not enough that I am the world's weakest country?! Is it not enough that you KILLED both my brothers?!" Philippines screamed as he readied the pistol.

"Everyone and everything I ever knew and loved is either dead or is currently against me! Lahat na, kinuha ninyo sa akin! Si papa, si mama, ang mga kuya ko, binigyan nila ako ng tiwala at namatay lamang sila!" (Everyone and everything I ever known and loved is eiher dead or is currently against me! Everything, you took away from me! Dad, Mom, my brothers, they gave me hope and they only died) Philippines continued, "There's no point in living for me anymore! The people I called my family are dead because of me! I led them to their deaths! Just let me die in peace! I don't care anymore! Di ako makakabuhay ng ganito!" (I can't live like this!)

Philippines screamed at the other countries, his tears gaining even more and more as he says his, hopefully not, final words. "I get it now," he finally says in a psychotic way, "You don't want to kill me..... because you want me to suffer even more! Ha! You won't get that chance if I kill myself first! Ha! Haha!" Philippines finally snapped. The other countries felt a heart-wrenching pain as they witness how Philippines was pushed over the edge. Broken. That's what he was. Philippines was broken. He pointed the gun at the

side of his head then-- **BANG!**

~~~~~~
~~~~~~

Chapter 4

BANG!

A shot was fired.

The other countries were surprised to see ***that none of them shot anything***. They looked back at Philippines and the gun was now shot away from his hand. They looked around for who shot the said bullet, only to find out that it was none other than Spain himself. Spain was there the whole time but was never seen, hiding during the battle. Philippines was enraged for a moment until he stood up. The countries were confused until he faced the edge of the cliff they were on, tears streaming down his face. "Please just let me die already! I have nothing to live for! Everything is gone because of me!" He said starting to run towards the edge.

Someone grabbed his arm.

It was Israel.

He looked at Philippines as if he was the only thing he could see right now. He then pulled Philippines into a warm hug, not wanting to let go for anything in the world. "Please, don't do this, my angel... I know what it feels like to be hurt... I know what it feels like to know that everybody I ever loved die... Please, my angel, stay with me..." He said as Philippines burst into more tears, giving out moans and groans of pure despair.

The other countries felt overwhelming guilt while this happened. They knew that everything that happened, really DID happen. There's no turning back. There's no 'reset' button to make everything go back to the way it was before. Time can't just magically rewind and undo their crimes. A painful pang of guilt struck them like lightning. None of them said anything, just watching with pure sadness as poor Philippines clung onto Israel and Spain for dear life. Philippines couldn't stop suffering and crying. The other countries knew exactly why.

Del Pilar and Martial are dead...

They almost killed Philippines...

They drove him to the point of insanity...

They ruined his life...

They ruined him...

They broke him...

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

The countries sat around a huge white table, all of them refused to speak after what they just did. Everyone sat in a guilt-filled silence. No one wanted to talk. On the other hand, there were a few countries that were enraged. The silence broke with a slam.

"Look at what you've done! Are you completely out of your mind?!" Spain was fuming with anger. His gaze directed onto America. Spain obviously wanted to see him pay for what he did to Philippines.

"And what the hell did *you* do?! All you did was hide, only coming in to *save the day!*" America sarcastically shouted back at him. Although America felt bad for Philippines, he couldn't accept that it was his fault. No one wanted this, not even him.

"At least he didn't kill Philippines' brothers or went against Philippines in the first place! What happened to your Mutual Defense Treaty?! Face it! Each and everyone of you basically betrayed him and tortured him!" Israel shouts at everyone whole-heartedly. It was obvious in his tone that he was furious with the actions of other countries.

"Most of us were forced into this mess! We didn't want to do that at all! We didn't mean for anything like that to happen in this war!" South Korea shouts while glaring at his brother. South Korea was presumably forced to join this fight by his brother. Now, he was mad at both North Korea and himself.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

"The thing is, what did you do to help Philip?! You just let all that happen to Philip?! Why the hell did you have to let his own brothers die just because of this messed up war?! How would *you* like it if North Korea would die right in front of you?!" Vietnam argued back at South Korea. Giving a fair point, South Korea was forced to sit back down whilst pouring out tears as he regrets what he has done.

"You weren't even anywhere there! You can't talk to us like that if you were no where to be seen! You have absolutely no right to judge! How could you react if all that happened in what seemed like seconds! You're such a hypocrite!" Japan says, trying to defend his partner. Japan then tries to comfort South Korea. South Korea only ends up crying more, only wanting the fight to end and everything to be normal again.

"**THAT'S ENOUGH ALL OF YOU!**" Russia finally beams, silencing everyone in the room. "We all know what happened. As much as we want to point fingers right now, our main priority is Philip. We hurt him, betrayed him as his friends and, worst of all, killed his brothers!" Russia states while slamming the table. "We have to make sure Philip doesn't do anything to hurt himself. As much as I want his misery to end, I don't want to lose another one of my friends. He's gone through so much already because of us. It's time we finally do something for him, but we can't do that while he's in this state. Please, as much as I hate seeing him like that, we can't afford to lose him." Everyone agrees, though a lot were still furious at the rest. If only they could see how much they've hurt Philippines.

Chapter 5

The Countries made a plan.

A plan to keep surveillance on Philippines and make sure he doesn't end up with a bullet through his head or a noose around his neck.

They decided that it was best that one country would look after Philippines for the morning and another for the evening.

Of course, Philippines diagreed with this, it wasn't only an invasion of privacy but he didn't want their help, after all that has happened. A painfully familiar pang of guilt hit them as they reminisce at their mistakes. And so, they kept it in secrecy. Hiding and watching Philippines through the day.

The first few days were horrible...

Almost each and every day, a suicide attempt...

There was nothing they could do...

This was their fault...

This was their mistake...

First was Israel, being the only one Philippines could trust right now in his current situation.

Instead of hiding and spying on Philippines like what the other countries have ordered for him to do, he walked up to the front door and asked if he could stay over. The others were unaware of Israel's sudden change in action as they were too busy with their responsibilities.

Philippines only answered with a weak and sad smile as he let Israel inside. This gave Israel a familiar pain of guilt and remorse. However, it was as if Israel wasn't there at all, like Israel was just an observer. Philippines would continue his "everyday life" except for a

few changes. He would spend at least 2-4 hours talking to the remaining ashes of his dead family. He would cook himself a huge meal, only to throw it away in the end or give it to Israel instead. He would lay down on his bed and just sleep through the rest of the day. He would take longer showers, leaving Israel almost restless. Israel would constantly worry with each and every action Philippines took.

Sometimes, Philippines would walk downstairs and grab a knife. Israel was about to stop him until Philippines would break down crying and shouting, "It should have been me! Why isn't it me?! Why didn't I die?! Why didn't I jump?!". Israel held back his tears. He could only watch in painful silence. "Lord! Please! Let me join my family! I can't live like this! Not anymore! Why does this have to happen to me?! This is all just a joke, right?! A dream?! I'll wake up any second now! Right?! Ha! Ha Ha!" Philippines shouts at seemingly open air with a cracked and worn-out voice. Israel soon joined his despair, as tears too came out of his own eyes. Israel couldn't accept that fact that his Angel..... was broken.

Philippines was not the same anymore...

They pushed him over the edge...

Pushed him to the point of insanity...

Was he really better off dead?

Will the countries finally let him end his misery?

Philippines was broken.

Chapter 6

Broken.

The only word that could describe the nearly insane Phillipines at the moment.

Driven to a messed up mind by the death of his brothers.

Why? How could all this happen?

IT WAS ALL THEIR FAULT.

A few days went by as other countries watched Philippines' constant suicide attempts. It's been around one week since the death of his brothers. Today is June 12, Russia and Philippines' Independence day.

A huge party was held at Russia's place, celebrating Russia's own freedom. Many countries joined in celebrating his Independence Day, this includes America, Japan, Malaysia, Indonesia, South Korea and many more. They were all laughing, partying, playing, forgetting about all their worries. Forgetting about Philippines.

Spain was the one responsible for watching over Philippines for that day. He immediately volunteered to watch over Philippines as soon as the day started. Spain wanted to spend more time with Philippines than partying.

The day went by "normally". Philippines does the same thing he does for the past week, almost like a ritualistic exercise. It was all "normal" to him now, talking to his family's ashes, breaking down as he cries on the floor, spending around three hours praying that God will finally take him. Everything was going as fine as it can be but Spain noticed something off. Philippines cooked a larger meal than he could ever take, and he can't just throw it away. Other than that, there was a huge curtains hung up on the wall, covering whatever was behind it. There was also a small mysterious box on the dining

table. Spain wanted to check this out but was afraid it would blow his cover.

The night then came, and Spain watches the most heart-breaking sight has ever seen. There, Philippines sat at a huge table, filled with food and cutlery as he wore a small party hat and a banner that said "Happy Birthday!" hung on the wall. The lights were turned off, it was 9:41 in the night, the other countries must have been drinking themselves 'till tomorrow. Then Philippines started to sing.

"H-Happy B-Birthday t-to me. H-Happy Birthday t-to m-me. Happy B-Birthday, Happy Birthd-day. H-Happy B-Birthday t-to m-me."

Philippines sang with a cracked voice, endless tears rolled down his face as the depressing sight continues. A small cupcake with one candle was in front of Philippines, a small message written in frosting came with it, 'Happy Birthday to Me!'.

Spain was horrified, his heart broke bit by bit with every second Philippines sang. Philippines blew out the candle as he started to speak to no one. "Mom, Dad, brothers, I'm sorry. I'm sorry you had to die because of me. I'm sorry that everything you've worked hard for was wasted because of me. I'm sorry. Thank you for fighting for me. I love you." Philippines says, still broken as his face was scrunched up and his voice still cracked. He cried into his hands as he remembers each and every memory of his family. Spain too was now crying, seeing how depressed Philippines truly was. What's left of the once beautiful Philippines is now only a broken shell.

Philippines then started to slowly head back to his room. Laying down, he gave his last prayer before his sleep and finally fell into a deep slumber. Spain carefully entered the house through a window. He slowly crept unto Philippines' room, opening it as gently as he can. He walks in to see Philippines sleeping but ever so slightly shedding a few tears. Spain's face was scrunched up at how Philippines looked, his heart was broken that this had to happen to Philippines. He couldn't stop America. He couldn't stop the other countries. He couldn't stop this from happening to Philippines. He leaned into Philippines, lightly kissing his forehead. "Mi amor... I'm sorry..." Spain says quietly, in a gentle yet caring whisper that

almost can't be heard.

Spain started to slowly creep out of Philippines' room, until a voice stopped him dead in his tracks. "I was waiting for you... I was waiting for everyone... I'm happy that you're here... I'm happy you decided to stay with me... Ironic that this is my Independence from you... Could you tell Kuya Russia that I said Happy Birthday?..." Philippines said, trying hiz best to smile sweetly at Spain's appearance. Spain couldn't help but shed his own tears at Philippines' words. He charged at Philippines with a hug and stayed with him until he slept. He gently caressed Philippines' hair and cheeks as he sweetly and gently hummed, slowly making Philippines fall asleep.

Spain couldn't help but wince at the thought that everyone forgot that it was Philippines' Independence too. He was infuriated, Philippines deserves more than whatever that was. He deserves more than anyone right now. He deserved more than Russia and all the other countries. Spain didn't care about how that sounded. Why? Cause he knew it was true. Spain got even more enraged when he replayed the memory of the lonely Philippines singing himself 'Happy Birthday'. He had to confront America and the others about this. He can't just stand around there and do nothing as Philippines slowly cried himself to death. He can't just sit and watch while Philippines has to go through the consequences of faults that are not his. They can't just forget about how broken Philippines is.

They can't just ***FORGET*** Philippines.

Chapter 7

After Philippines slowly fell into a quiet and gentle slumber, Spain stayed with him for a while to make sure Philippines was fine. After around an hour or so had passed, Spain exited the house, locking it and making sure Philippines was safe from anything or anyone. He then drove off to where the other countries held the party.

Sure enough, when Spain got to Russia's place, he could hear the sound of wild laughter and a strong scent of alcohol and vodka hit him. This did not only give Spain the feeling of disgust but also an overwhelming anger for the fact that the other countries forgot about Philippines and did this instead.

Inside, everyone was partying, having fun, enjoying their drinks and everything else you expect at a party. Things were going great, many countries joined in celebrating Russia's Independence Day. Everything was fine until-

BANG!

The front doors were slammed so hard that it broke and fell off it's hinges. Everyone was silent, no one had the gut to say anything as they witness who it was.

Israel.

They stared at him with a mixed feeling of fear and shock, questioning looks on their faces as they try to predict what'll happen next. It was obvious that he was enraged, his clenched fists and body language provides all evidence. All eyes were on him until he suddenly started to move forward. Heavy footsteps were all that could be heard while everyone watches Israel, both in worry and fear. In the middle of the party was America himself. The spotlight was on both of them now. A shocked and questioned look sat upon America's expression as Israel storms through the crowds and stands in front of him.

Israel then grabbed America by the collar. "How dare you?!? How dare you forget about him?! What kind of a person are you to forget how broken you've made Philip?! It was all your fault! How could you ever have the guts to just leave him like that?!" Israel says putting up a fist as everyone looks at them with guilt and horror. America, however, was as calm as he could ever be, almost too calm in fact. America then started to speak. "We've all went through something. We've all lost something. What makes you think Philippines is more important?" Everyone was shocked at America's words. This wasn't how it was before.

Israel was furious at America's statement. He wanted America to take it all back. To suffer what Philippines had to suffer. Go through what Philippines went through. Rage and anger clouded his thoughts as he prepares to strike America. America then started speaking again. "What do you think you're going to do? Hit me? Are you sure you're strong enough to even hurt me?" Israel started to tremble at America's words, knowing full well that he wasn't strong enough to take America on. America only grinned as Israel started to shake. "He isn't... but I am." A voice says behind Israel but before America and Israel could see who it was, a hard punch was delivered to America's face. The blow was so powerful that it knocked America out of Israel's grasp and down to the ground. This left everyone shocked as they found out who was responsible for said punch. Spain.

Spain left everyone devastated. Everyone else around them could only watch, fearing the consequences of what might happen if they try to interfere. The other countries eyed the three as America gets up with his mouth bleeding. America notices this and wipes the blood off with his hand. He readied himself as he sent a 'death-glare' at Israel and Spain. They weren't afraid though, instead they sent a glare of their own. America was about to send Spain a punch of his own until he was charged down. He was pinned by a familiar red-flagged country. Vietnam.

After America was brought down for a second time by Vietnam, everyone tried to stop them from hurting each other anymore. America tried to stand up, obviously hurt too much. Russia runs to America's aid, knowing too well that if America tries to fight back,

he'll end up with more than just a few broken bones. But before Russia could reach America, he was held up again but by Spain this time. Russia was about to confront them but was stopped by another country. Brunei. "Don't you think it's time America pays for his crimes? Have you been so selfish as to hoard the spotlight and leave Philip?" Brunei says with a harsh tone. Russia was a bit enraged but Brunei did have a point. Still, Russia could not help but worry about what would happen next.

"Tell me, why?!" Spain screams at America, tightening his grip. Everyone stopped what they were doing and started to watch. "You knew they would stop running at some point! Why'd you even agree to that fight?! Tell me! What did you gain from killing his brothers?!" Spain continues on shouting at America, whilst America continues to struggle. Many of the other countries started to feel a lingering sense of guilt and pain as they recall what happened. Spain was obviously furious but his expression shows otherwise as tears start to stroll down his face. Everyone around them started to tear up too, showing the painfully familiar remorse they all share. Spain finally releases America as more tears escape his eyes. America releases as sad and relieved sigh as he starts fixing himself.

"Philippines waited... he waited for all of us... it was his Independence Day too... I just don't understand... why?" Spain says, wiping his tears with a cracked tone. The countries of the world started to weep as well. No one thought it would be this bad. And worst of all, they contributed to the fault. America stays quiet, almost an emotionless expression sat on his face. "Tell Russia... Philip says Happy Independence Day..." Spain starts to walk away, still overflowing with tears.

"Wait..."

"I'll tell you..."

"I'll tell you everything..."

Chapter 8

What made America like this? What made him the way he was now? America knew exactly what Spain and everyone else wants to know. Why did he kill Martial and Del Pilar? What did he get from killing them?

Nothing.

Nothing but pain and regret

In truth, America broke himself and Philippines at the same time.

- Before the War -

"It's not like that at all!" America exclaims as he raised his arms in defense. "You're sick. I bet you love seeing Philippines suffer, don't you?" Martial says, crossing his arms with an unhappy expression. "No! Never! Please, I can help him! I never wanted him to go through that much pain!" America exclaims as he was desperately trying to convince Martial. "Tell your brother that. I can't believe you. Not after what you did to my father. Philip calls you his 'friend'. Tell me, weren't you responsible for almost killing him a few years ago?" Martial says as his voice gets louder with every word. America remains silent as guilt-filled memories come rushing back to him.

"Struck a nerve, didn't I?" Martial snaps America out of his thoughts. "Next time, don't even bother going near Philip. He can be so much better without you. Oh and one last thing, tell everyone else to stop messing with him." Martial says before exiting the room they were in. America was dumbfounded, he didn't know how much pain he caused Philippines. No. Martial was wrong. He couldn't accept the fact that he was at fault. America knows it wasn't his fault. He'll prove it. One way or the other.

Days went by, America was still trying to find a way on how to make things work out for him. He had to go through so much stress.

He had to spend time with Russia, while also trying to deal with Martial and Philippines. He couldn't handle so many things at once. He swore he was slowly going insane. Everything was just in America's way. He just wanted to see Philippines again. He wanted to make sure Philippines was alright.

Then the news came in.

"I DECLARE WAR!"

It was from Philippines. It looks like he was finally pushed over the edge. America was devastated. He was afraid. "No... This can't be... Did I really mess up that badly?" America asks himself as tear start to roll down his cheeks. For a while, he was crying, crying his whole heart out. America couldn't accept the fact that his Sunshine hated him. Was it alright to call Philippines his Sunshine anymore? "Please... Come back to me... Philip... I promise I won't hurt you anymore..." America cries to himself, hoping that everything was somehow just a dream. Martial's words replayed in his mind as a constant reminder of how much he failed Philippines. He let this happen to Philippines. Now he suffers the consequences.

No. He can't accept that. It wasn't his fault. America starts to become enraged as he remembers Martial's words. "It was all his fault!" America shouts as he slams a table. 'What if Martial and Del Pilar persuaded Philip to do that?' America asks himself as he starts to think of ways on how go resolve this mess. America placed all the blame on both Martial and Del Pilar, not wanting to accept the awful truth. But first, he's gonna need some help.

First on America's list were China and Hong Kong, two of the actual countries Philippines declared on. As they met, America agreed to help and aid them. There is a condition though. America made a deal that he would only help them if no harm came to Philippines. They reluctantly agreed.

However, China was in constant doubt as America never told him his actual plans. "What are you planning?" China asks only to be met with America's emotionless face. "That's... classified information." America says looking away. In truth, he just wanted to be with Philippines again, but both Martial and Del Pilar were in

the way. Or so that's what he thought.

America then brought other countries and their 'lovers' into a meeting. "So what do we do now?" Canada nervously asks the other countries. "Simple, force them to give up." America says seriously yet calmly. "How could you say that so calmly?! What if something happens?! Would there be any bloodshed?! Death?!" Japan shouts, slamming the table. "Calm down, Japan. America is right, all we need to take them down, no killing needed." China says, trying to calm Japan.

In the background, romantic partners of the other countries conversed. Mainly Russia, who was in a relationship with America, there was also South Korea, the loving partner of Japan and Ukraine, Canada's lover. "Poor Philippines, maybe we should just apologize." South Korea says with a guilty tone. "I agree with you there, but the egos of these countries are far too big to give up easily." Russia says with a stern voice. "Let's just hope nothing too bad happens." Ukraine says nervously.

So after the conference, he was able to persuade the countries. Of course, Canada agreed as he too was one of the countries that Philippines declared war on. Ukraine was also forced to go with Canada as they were in a relationship. Japan, however, was a bit more difficult to persuade but in the end, Japan joined America's side with a promise that they would not hurt Philippines. South Korea was there to support Japan too, so obviously South Korea had to be included in America's side. Russia was doubtful, he never wanted for any of this to happen. He only joined since America pleaded for him to.

America still wasn't satisfied. He wanted as much force as he could get. Philippines must have been trying to do the same thing he was doing. After the small meeting, America asked South Korea to stay a little bit after. South Korea thought nothing of it, it was probably nothing too important. "So what else do you need? You already have me going against someone defenseless and innocent. What else could you possibly want?" South Korea angrily says, irritated with all of America's demands. "Your Brother. Tell him he can have all my nuclear weaponry if he joins my side. Oh and give him the same deal I gave everyone else. Don't hurt Philippines is all I need to ask."

America says as he sits on a chair in the middle of the room. South Korea was shocked. 'This is overkill!' South Korea thought, agreeing to meet to America's demands. "Fine. Have it your way." South Korea says before storming through the door.

America had everything planned out. All he needed to do was make sure Philippines only had himself and his brothers. America had to cut off any support Philippines has from other countries. Malaysia and Indonesia. He got both of them together in the same room he held the conference. "You're a monster, you know that? What do you want? We aren't joining you!" Malaysia says, trying to keep Indonesia as far away from America as possible. "Look, all I need you to do is decline giving any aid to Philippines." America says trying to reassure the them. "And what makes you think we'll do that?" Malaysia rebukes America, still keeping his overprotectiveness over Indonesia. "Simple. I have each and every powerful country at the palm of my hands. The moment you decline this offer, we'll see you as one of our enemies." As America says this, it felt like the whole world stopped. Indonesia and Malaysia were devastated and shocked at America's statement, fear dominating over every emotion they have. With that, America grinned a bigger smile, knowing full well that they had no choice but to accept his offer.

And with that, America has all he needs. He has all the support he could ever have, firearms, and all. Before the night of the war, a painful thought struck him. What would Philippines think? Has he gone too far? No, he's doing this for Philippines' sake, right? Is he though? The only goal he had in mind was to stop Martial and Del Pilar from putting Philippines against him. It was their fault Philippines hate him, right? They probably made him turn against America. Yeah. That's it. Martial and Del Pilar are the ones at fault. America had these thoughts run wild as he tried to sleep. He then came to a conclusion. It's all Martial's and Del Pilar's fault for taking Philippines away from him.

Chapter 9

An uncomfortable silence fills the air.

America's intentions were clear to everyone.

But the result only left Philippines in more pain them ever.

Depressed...Suicidal...

Broken...

"And so what the hell are you doing here now?! It was obviously YOUR fault and you're just gonna leave him like that?! You're absolutely disgusting!" Spain attacks America with his words, insult after insult. America could only tilt his head in shame and guilt as he took in each and every word Spain could say. Of course, a lot of other countries drowned in the same guilt and regret as America. Russia started to get infuriated, not because of the fact that Spain was basically killing America with his words, but for the fact that everything Spain could say was true. America wasn't the same person he was before. He never was anymore.

"So what are you gonna do now, huh?" Israel says as Vietnam and Brunei held back Spain from attacking America with more insults. "Are you really just gonna party and drink here like there's no tomorrow? What happened to you? Can you not see what's more important?" Israel says in a calmer way, yet still telling America off. "I know... I know it was all my fault... I know I was responsible... I just... I don't know how to fix my mess anymore..." America says in a stuttering and cracked voice, as if he's on the verge of tears. "I... didn't mean to... I just wanted to be with him again... was I so wrong to do that?" America asks, finally pouring out tears. "Did you really think I don't regret it? I did this to try to forget my actions... I didn't want to accept it..." America continues as Russia watches from afar.

Russia couldn't watch anymore. He had enough of it. He can't just

stand there as this happens. Finally, he walks toward America, Spain and Israel. Brunei steps aside to let Russia pass, hoping that his judgement wasn't wrong. As Russia gets near America, he grabs America's shoulders and forces America to look at him. "Listen to yourself! Do you really think crying and partying will do anything?! Wake up, America!" He slaps America across the face. "Will you really just lope around here while Philippines is out there trying to kill himself?! If you won't step up, then I will!" Russia screams at America with a harsh yet determined tone.

"And that goes to all of you too! Philippines is probably dying out there!" Russia screams for the last time. He then starts to storm towards the front door and leaves. "If any of you want to actually HELP Philippines, then start by making the right decision." Russia says before slamming the already broken door.

Russia starts to drive off to Philippines' small home as tears start welling up in his eyes. "No... I can't cry right now... Need to get to Philip..." Russia says, wiping his tears as he continues to drive. As he reaches Philippines' little house, Russia doesn't hesitate. Russia immediately gets out of his car and heads to Philippines' front door. As Russia opens the door, he was met with the same heart-breaking sight as Spain did. The same banner that said "Happy Birthday!" was still hung up on the wall. The many different kinds of food laid on the table, that probably went cold already, was still there. And worst of all, the cupcake that said "Happy Birthday To Me!" was left on the table, it's once lit candle now blown out by Philippines.

The sight causes Russia to drop to his knees and onto the floor, tears threatening to come out. With too much pain welled up in his heart, Russia starts to cry. Crying because of his mistake.

"So you see the aftermath...?" A voice asks from behind Russia. Russia was quick to turn around, furiously wiping his tears to see who it was. Spain stood at the doorway, along with Israel, Malaysia and Indonesia. Russia only winced at the state of Philippines, not wanting him to go through anymore pain as he is already. Spain and the others got inside and took a quick glance of the painful sight. Indonesia started to cry along with Russia as Israel boiled up with anger. "Look at what you all have done. Look at what madness you forced Philippines to go through. I can't just watch as

Philippines sing Happy Birthday to himself while he cries!" Malaysia and the others cringed at Spain's words, pain and guilt surging through them. Spain was right. No one wanted this.

Just then, footsteps start to get louder as someone audibly walks down the stairs. "Hello...? Kuya Spain...? Ikaw po ba 'yan...?" (Is that you...?) Philippines' gentle voice engulfs everyone in a state of sadness. They all turn to look at Philippines, only to be met with Philippines wrapped up in a blanket with tear stains on his cheeks. It was obvious that he didn't stop crying after Spain had left and he looked even worse in his current state. Guilt surrounds everyone in the room. "Kuya...Russia? Mal...? Indo...? Kuya Israel...? What are you doing here? Isn't it your Independence Day too, Kuya Russia?" Philippines says in another warm and calm tone, as if everything was suddenly alright.

Then tears started to form at Philippines next words. "Happy birthday Kuya Russia... I know I might be too late... I'm sorry if I couldn't go... and I hope your happy with Kuya America... I'm glad to see you here too, Mal and Indo..." Philippines says trying to sound happy, only to give a sad smile. Russia started to limp towards him, tripping over himself as tears cover his eyes and roll down his face. He then wraps Philippines in a hug. Everyone else then started to do the same, surrounding Philippines in a warm embrace. Philippines was shocked at first but then started to smile.

"I'm glad you came..."

Warmth and Happiness fill the air.

Philippines is one step closer to Salvation.

Sure, he was still broken...

But maybe, just maybe...

It'll be okay in the end.

Chapter 10

".....I'm glad you came....."

Is this the end? Not quite

Will Philippines still be broken? Maybe, maybe not

But is this a step closer to happiness? Definitely

After Malaysia, Indonesia, Spain and Israel decided to go after Russia and went to Philippines' home, America was left there, tears endlessly flowing out. There wasn't much of them left, only leaving Vietnam, Brunei, China, Hong Kong, Canada, Ukraine, Japan, South Korea and America.

A sound of a fist being clenched and a desk being slammed then interrupted the depressed and quiet atmosphere. "Damn it! Why the hell won't you go after them?! Why won't you even try to settle things with Philip?! It was your fault in the first place so why do the others have to fix your mess?! Huh?! Explain that you lowly self-centered country!" Vietnam screamed like a madman at America. Of course, everything he said was true. America felt like a deep and endless hole was being punched through him. He knows it was his fault. He knows that this was his mess. He just can't accept the fact that he can't do anything about it.

"Calm down, Vietnam. It's clear that it was his fault. Let's just go to Philip already. Quit wasting our time with people like this." Brunei says, sending death glares at everyone else in the room. The rest of the countries could only show their shame and guilt as Brunei and Vietnam started to go out the door.

Everyone else looked dunfounded, trying to figure out what to do. "Ame...are you...okay?" Canada says from behind America, placing a hand on his shoulder. America moved his shoulder away from Canada, clenching his fist as he starts to speak. "No... I'm not okay... Philip is not okay... all because of me..." America starts to cry even

more. "Don't you get it?! I'm at fault here! I'm the one who doesn't deserve to live!" America shouts at the open air. No one could say anything. No one wanted to say anything.

"Listen to yourself, man!" China grabs America's shoulders and shook him. "At least do something about it! Everyone else is doing the thing YOU were supposed to do! Apologize now, grieve later!" China shouts directly at America's face. America lightens up a bit, with a brand new look of determination in his eyes. He slowly nods to confirm whatever else China was shouting. "Do you really think everything will magically be okay?! This isn't some fantasy! Wake up!" China says as America finally straightens up. Seeing the look in America's eyes, China let's him go and allows him to fix himself. "It's still 11:21. We can make it in time." Ukraine says calmly, wiping away his own tears. Everyone else nodded in agreement. This was their chance. A chance to right their wrongs. A chance to make amends.

Meanwhile, in Philippines' home, the warm and radiant hug was still being given to Philippines. After a few seconds, they finally let go of the small country. "We're sorry... we're sorry for everything... we know you might not forgive us but... we'll do anything to keep you from getting hurt anymore..." Russia says in a calm and gentle way yet sad and tired.

Philippines thought for a moment, an emotionless expression sat on his face. Then, he started to frown and tear up. "I can't..... I can't forgive you just yet..... not yet..... I'm sorry but..... not yet..." Philippines says breaking into more tears. Philippines furiously wipes his tears, trying his best not to release any more. It wouldn't stop though, tears just kept escaping his tired eyes.

The others were saddened by Philippines' response, but tried their best to give him a smile. "Hey hey, it's okay... you don't need to force it... we just wanted to say we're sorry..." Malaysia says as he rubs circles on Philippines' back while the others help him calm down.

"My angel.... I wasn't there when you needed someone.... I couldn't repay you for your kindness... I'm sorry..." Israel told Philippines with a warm smile as he cups his cheeks as Philippines continues to

cry. "Mi amor, my words can't express how deeply sorry I am. I let that happen to you. I was too late. I hope you can forgive me." Spain says with a sad tone in his accented voice. He then placed a kiss on Philippines' forehead.

"Hey Philip. I know it's too late to say sorry. We all tried to find a way to help you. Now, we live in regret and guilt as we see the effects of our actions." Indonesia says, giving Philippines a hug which was gladly returned.

"Maybe, it's not too late then." A voice from behind them said. They all hesitantly turned to see who it was. It was Vietnam and Brunei, smiling back at them. They then charged at Philippines with another hug. "I think Philip's had enough hugs for tonight." Indonesia says with a chuckle. Philippines shakes his head and returns the hug of Brunei and Vietnam. Vietnam then pulls away and cups both of Philippines' cheeks. "Are you okay? Are you hurt? Why are you crying? Did something bad happen? Who did this to you?" Vietnam bombards Philippines with questions as he sees the tears strolling down from his eyes. "Relax. We didn't do anything. He's fine. Well, in some sense." Malaysia says with a small laugh. "I'm glad your safe, Philip. We came by to say we're sorry. We're sorry for not being there when we should have." Brunei says as he places a hand on Philippines' shoulder and pulls him into a gentle hug.

All was good in those few moments.

Everyone was happy to be with Philippines again.

Philippines smiled at that thought.

For a while, it was all okay.

Everyone was happy.

Well, that's not always the case in my stories.

After the little moment of making amends, the front door bursts open. Everyone was left shocked when they see who it was. Many of the countries stood in front of Philippines in a protective way.

A country stood by the open door. An unrecognizable expression on his face. Behind him were many others.

It was...

Chapter 11

It was...

Singapore?!

With other countries behind him.

Namely Thailand, Mexico, Timor, England and France.

"We got the memo!" Singapore exclaims whilst standing in the middle of the front door. "Singapore! Let us in! We need to see Philip!" Mexico says in his incredibly distinguishable accent. And with that, countries started piling up in Philippines' small home. As small as it was, it's interior was pretty spacious and smartly made so that it's architecture looks small on the outside but huge in the inside. Russia, Israel, Malaysia, Indonesia, Vietnam, Brunei and Philippines were immediately greeted with more familiar and friendly faces.

Singapore explained that they were called up by Brunei to help Philippines out. So of course, they brought a few other Asian countries that included Timor and Thailand. Spain, however, was the one who contacted Mexico, England and France.

They all crowded around Philippines who was still in his blankets. "Spain! I told you! You should've gone there sooner!!" Mexico shouts as he scolds Spain for arriving too late and could not stop Del Pilar and Martial from dying.

Philippines remembers the times when he and Mexico were under Spain's 'care'. Philippines chuckles at the thought. "Hush now! Could you check on Philip please?" England says in his own British accent as he asks France to look over Philip.

"My, what has my son done to you? Poor thing..." France mumbles but was heard by Philippines.

Philippines winced at France's remark. He starts to tear up as he remembers the events that had lead to his current situation. "Oh no no no no! Don't cry! I'm sorry! Thailand! Singapore! Timor! Help me out over here!" France says as she panics when she sees the tears of Philippines threatening to come out.

The other Asian Countries were quick to react, getting him things like blankets, tissues, pillows and even a stuff toy. Philippines was practically being treated like a baby. This placed a smile on Philippines once again. Knowing that a lot of people were trying to keep him happy, a small spark of joy lit in his heart.

Now that everyone has calmed down, the food that Philippines made was re-heated, a new cake was being made by France, decorations were put up by Indonesia and Malaysia while the rest chatted with Philippines, giving him the love he actually deserves.

Everyone contributed in trying to make Philippines Independence Day happy, while also continuing Russia's Independence Day. Everyone was eating, partying, laughing, doing everything they did before. The only change this time is that they finally had Philippines.

However, America and the others that were left in the abandoned party all started to head towards Philippines' home. "We're here to apologize. And I'm making sure you do that and ONLY that. You understand me?" South Korea says in a strict and stern voice. Everyone else nods in agreement, knowing exactly what to do. "Good. I don't know what I'll do if you hurt Philip again." Ukraine says as he sighs a sad sigh. On their way to Philippines, South Korra sees that America was acting..... odd. America looks as if he's debating with himself. He seems like he's thinking too hard about something..... or maybe someone? Other than that, America keeps fidgeting, always tossing and turning.

Once they arrived, South Korea knocks on the door. Expecting it to be answered by Philippines, another country opened the door and it showed itself to be Israel. "South Korea? Why are you and others here? And why is HE here?!" Israel was suddenly filled with a raging anger. This only shocked the others by a little bit as they expected the worse to happen. "Relax. We're here to apologize.

Y'know, try to make it better? It's better to give us a chance than to not tie the loose ends." Ukraine says with a tired tone in his voice, obviously pretty exhausted. "Let them in Israel, we should give them a chance. Maybe they'll actually take the opportunity to make amends this time." Vietnam from behind Israel says. Israel gives an irritated sigh but opens the door anyways.

As they entered, the room fell silent.

Everyone stopped moving.

No one spoke any words.

All eyes were on America.

What's the next move?

"Philip... we came to say we're sorry... I know you probably won't accept us but... we're sorry..." Japan starts, tears start to form in his eyes. Philippines hears this but turns his back on Japan and the others.

"Please.... hear us out Philip..... we don't want to keep fighting..... just please.... we're sorry..." China says as he attempts to move towards Philippines, only to be stopped by Indonesia stepping in his way.

"Look.... please just..... give us a chance... we're sorry for everything..... I know we've hurt you in more ways than one but.... we want to help you!" Hong Kong shouts as he drops to his knees. Tears finally escape their eyes, running down their faces as they desperately beg for forgiveness.

"We want to help you, Philip... we want everything to go back to the way it was before..... please.... let us see you smile again.." Canada says as he too drops next to Hong Kong. "I know we can't turn back time..... but we regret everything we did... please Philip.. we'd do anything for you..." China says as he clutches at his chest and release more tears. Philippines turns to look at them with mixed emotions. He stared at the other countries with empathy and another kind of sadness. He wanted to forgive them, to let them

back into his life, to run at them with open arms and welcome them like before.

Philippines hadn't realized it but he too was crying now. But something killed those feelings. It was as if another emotion replaced it. It was a feeling that Philippines was too familiar with.

Fear. Fear took over Philippines as he sees America. He stares at America with wide eyes as America points a gun at him. The same pistol used to kill his brother.

Transition

This emotion was too familiar...

It coursed through Philippines...

It took over his whole body...

It was Fear...

Fear once more...

Chapter 12

"What the f*ck do you think you're doing?!?!" Vietnam shouts as America points a gun at the trembling Philippines. "America?! Are you out of your f*cking mind?!" Israel shouts as he tries to tackle America. America only points the gun at Israel to keep him from taking another step. As Israel was stopped dead in his tracks, America then switches his aim to Philippines again. Philippines was too scared to move at all, frozen in place like a statue in an exhibit. The other countries screamed at America, telling him to drop the gun or threatening him. America didn't mind them, he was the one in control of the situation. America only stared at Philippines with an emotionless expression.

"Just drop the gun!" Indonesia shouts as he clings onto Malaysia with tears in their eyes. "Don't even dare pull that trigger, you absolute monster!" Malaysia shouts at America with Indonesia. Both fearing for Philippines' life.

"What the f*ck, America?! Are you insane?! Let me at him, Spain!" Mexico shouts as he tries to escape Spain's grasps. Spain tried to hold Mexico as to not force America to fire at anyone. "This is inhuman, America! You've gone crazy!! Look at what you're doing!" Spain says as he struggles to keep Mexico from attacking America and possibly putting everyone's lives in danger.

"You're completely psychotic, aren't you?! Go back to the depths of hell, where you belong, you sadist!!" South Korea exclaims with an enraged tone and only being held back by Japan. "Stand down! Don't you see you've hurt Philip enough?! Have you come to finish the job, you emotionless bastard?!" Japan shouts, questioning America's current sanity.

"Philip! Get outta there! Can't you see the demonic maniac that's about to kill you?!" Singapore shouts at Philippines, trying to get him to move away. "You assh*le, America! I knew we shouldn't have let you in! You just love hurting Philip, don't you?!" Brunei swears at America, the only thing stopping him from attacking

America was Thailand who was pulling him back. "The world will know you're next decision! Drop the gun and just stop! Face your damn consequences!" Thailand shouts as he vigorously tries to pull back Brunei. "You've gone psychotic, America! Just stand down and we can work this out!" Timor says, begging for America to stop.

"America! That's enough! Look at yourself! Look at what you're doing!" England shouts as he hold his trembling wife, both with tears in their eyes. "America... please.... just drop the gun..... just stop already..." France says as tears overflow from her eyes.

"Ame! Please! You're out of your damn mind!" Ukraine shouts, holding onto Canada. "America, please! Listen to us! Can't you stop hurting Philip for one second?!" Canada pleads as he continues to hold Ukraine.

"For f*cks sake, America! Get a hold of yourself before you do something you'll regret!" China growls at America, trying to remind him of his past mistakes. "That's enough, America! We came to apologize! Not to f*cking murder Philip!" Hong Kong furiously shouts.

America only winced at the voices that keeps shouting at him. Still, he said absolutely nothing. He only stared at Philippines straight in the eyes and held on to the pistol as he prepares to pull the trigger. No one else knows what's actually going on inside America's head. He wouldn't talk, he wouldn't look at them, he wouldn't do anything. He tries to remind himself of what he actually wants to do. 'They don't know what they're saying' America thought to himself. Surely enough, what he's doing might look crazy to everyone else around him. "This is the best for everyone." He mumbles to himself before wrenching up his face as he sees who steps in front of him. More emotions run through his head as this country steps in between him and Philippines. America was heartbroken as he sees who it was.

Russia.

Standing in between America and Philippines. Russia steps in front of Philippines in a defensive position, risking his own life for the small country. "So is this what you want? You have the gull to come

and finish the job? You've gone mad, America." Russia says with a fierce tone as Philippines trembles behind him. Russia turns his head to look at Philippines, only to be met with a heart-wrenching pain as Philippines whimpers and sobs to himself

"Is this how you resolve all your problems?! By murdering them?! You're insane! The others were right!" Russia shouts at America, only receiving silence from America. "Finish it then! Take the damn shot! Show the world the monster that you've become!" Russia shouts again, but this time, America flinched. Hearing Russia's words, America finally snaps.

"I'm doing this for Philip's sake! He's f*cking suicidal, isn't he?! Isn't this what he would have wanted?! He's broken beyond repair for Christ's sake! Doesn't he want to just die already?!" Can't you see I'm giving him what he wants?! I'm ending his f*cking misery!" America shouts back, finally revealing the truth behind his intentions.

Everyone fell silent, shocked at America's words. "I might as well reunite him with the people that suffered because of me! Philip deserves to be somewhere where I can't hurt him anymore! Can't you see?! The longer I'm with him, the longer he suffers!" America exclaims, showing everyone how he truly feels about Philippines. The other countries were only surprised by his words as they too wept with the same sadness.

"If I really wanted the best for Philip, then he should be with his family again! I can't bear to see you hurting because of me, Philip.... The thought of you crying yourself to sleep because of what I did hurts me too....." America says, finally shedding his own tears as he looks at Philippines.

America then drops the gun and falls to his knees. "I know for a fact that I can't take back what I've done.... But it's too hard for me to live with the consequences..... And I know you won't ever forgive me... The guilt was just too much.... I'm.... I'm sorry..... I'm sorry for everything..." America says with a shaky voice as his tears overwhelm him. Everyone else was crying now too, including Russia. America finally admitted that he regretted his mistakes.

Philippines was shocked at first, still shaking from the fear that was

slowly washing away. For a second, Philippines felt a comfortable and familiar feeling of warmth go through him. He knew America meant those words. Philippines knew that America was truly sorry. And at that moment, he knew exactly what to do.

Philippines ran through Russia, pushing him lightly to the side...

He then ran towards America...

He then wrapped his arms around the other country...

Philippines hugged him...

Embracing him in a warm trance...

"Don't cry... I'm here now..."

Chapter 13

"..... don't cry... I'm here now...."

Philippines whispers sweet nothings into America's ear...

His arms around the taller country....

Both overflowing with tears....

With only the floor beneath them and the world to themselves...

"Ph-Philip... p-please... I'm a-a monster..." America says with a shaky voice. America wants to pull away, he knew he didn't deserve the warmth that Philippines gave. America knew that Philippines would be better off without him. But he just couldn't bring himself to stay away from Philippines any longer. He knows that as long as he's near Philippines, pain and torture will be there too. But he wanted to stay like this for just a bit longer. Just a bit more. America then wrapped his arms around Philippines waist as Philippines kept his arms around America's neck, both still on the floor and unaware of the countries watching them with their own tears.

"I'm... sorry.... I'm sorry for everything... I know that this was all my fault but..... I just couldn't stand it anymore.... I couldn't stand... being without you....." America says, looking down at the ground and clutching at his chest.

"If only... if only it could go back to the way it was before..... I'd do anything to hold you again...." America cringes at the memories and thoughts of them replaying in his head.

It hurt him. The pain was too much for him. He was at the brink of shedding even more tears. There were so many things going on in his head. But it pained Philippines too. It pained him to see that this is what they've become.

America then begins to cry again. "I-I can't forgive m-myself too..... it was t-too hard for m-me.... I couldn't even s-sleep!" America shouts at the seemingly open air behind Philippines.

"I hurt you! And everyone else in this room! And you accept me with open arms?! I know for a fact that I don't deserve you! But I just can't seem to bear the pain!" America continues, tightening his hug on Philippines. Philippines tightens his grip as well in assurance. "Why?! Why can't you understand that I'm a monster?! Why can't you see that I'M the one who hurt you?! Why?! I just can't understand it!" America exclaims, tears trickling down his cheeks.

"I'm a demon! A maniac! A psychopath! A mons-" America says before being cut off by Philippines.

"Stop... just stop...." Philippines says in a soft voice. "Stop saying those things.... it was hard for me... but I never knew how this affected you too..... so... I guess I'm sorry too...?" Philippines says but ended up sounding like a question. His voice was calm, it soothed America's ears.

"Heh... I guess we're both at fault....." Philippines continues as he gives a sad smile. "Kuya Martial and Kuya Del's death was my fault..... I was too stupid to declare that fight in the first place..... I ended up making everything worse...." Philippines says as more tears flow from his tired eyes. Philippines wince at the reminiscing of his brothers' death.

"Maybe... just maybe.... if I wasn't so stupid.... everything would still be okay..... I would still have my family..... we would still have each other..." Philippines says as he gives another smile, still crying his heart out.

"I-If I wasn't s-so dumb.... th-then maybe everything wouldn't be l-like this... maybe I'd s-still have m-my brothers..... if I-I wasn't so-" Philippines cries out but was stopped by America. "Don't continue that sentence..... you aren't stupid... you aren't dumb.... you're more than that... you're my Sunshine right? Well I guess I can't call you that anymore..... Heaven knows you won't forgive me.... not after what I've done....." America says, cupping Philippines cheek.

"I can't forget what you've done..... I'm still hurt after what happened..... but soon... I might learn to forgive you.... maybe time can heal these wounds once again..... and maybe... just maybe... you'll be willing to wait for me...?" It seemed like the world stopped when Philippines said those words. America felt a heart-warming feeling as he was surprised by Philippines words. He was quick to respond.

"Absolutely... I'd give anything to stay in your arms..... even if it means waiting a lifetime.... I'd do it.... just for you..." America says burying his face into the crook of Philippines' neck as he pulls him closer. Philippines gave a slight smile as he returned the hug. Forgiving isn't always easy. Not after what they both went through. But maybe time can do it's magic and heal their wounds once more.

"H-Hey.... Philip? C-Could... you look at m-me for a s-sec?" America says as he gives a light chuckle. Philippines does as he says and looks up to America with glistening eyes from the constant tears. America holds in more tears that threaten to come out as he looks at Philippines' trembling form.

"H-Hey... you can s-stop cr-crying now..." America says with his cracked voice as he wipes away his own tears. He then gives another small laugh. "C'mon... le-let's get up..... the others are watching...." America says as he and Philippines get up from the ground, still in each others' arms.

They both looked into each other's eyes, dazed in awe as both shined like diamonds.....

America has his right hand cupped on Philippines cheek and the other hand on the smaller country's waist.....

Philippines has both arms around America's neck, stuck in the same trance.....

Finally closing their eyes, the two countries lean closer into one another and.....

BANG!

The End

BANG!

A booming sound disturbs the silent aura...

Fear and shock came coursing through America and Philippines...

They opened their eyes to see...

No one shot anything...

The other countries looked at each other with shock and confusion, everyone was dumbfounded about what happened. They looked around, trying to find the source of said sound. The pistol was still on the floor, everything looked perfectly fine. Then theay heard it again.

BANG! But it came with another sound. A sound that was similar to sprinklers...? No one knew what was actually going on. Then the sound went on again.

BANG! Finally, the source of the sound showed itself. Outside of Philippines' home were Fireworks being shot in the sky. They were visible through the windows around the small house. Then there it was again, fireworks exploding in the night sky as the countries watch in awe.

"Beautiful..." America says as more fireworks are shot. They had to know who did this and what their motive was. America, Philippines and the other countries went outside. Only to see... more countries?! In the midst of the dark night, they could recognize a few. Romania, Germany, Poland, Netherlands, Australia and Ireland to name a few.

"Well, since both Russia and Philippines were here, thought it might be best to ceIebrate their Independence Day together." Germany says, lighting another firework as it shoots up into the night sky.

"Never thought I'd see you again, Philip! Glad to see Spain's here too!" Romania says, running over and giving Philippines a huge hug. The other countries then started chatting with each other, bringing out food and drinks from Philippines' home, laughing and playing around, just plain having fun.

"Wow. Just wow." Philippines says as he gazes at the starry night sky. He was sitting on the grass outside his home, a cup of Iced Tea in hand. Sat beside him were the rest, all spread across the field in front of him, behind him and everywhere else. Philippines' mind was clouded with thoughts, today was a pretty eventful day after all. It was already midnight, the fireworks were still being shot, countries from all around the globe are chatting and partying, everything was good. Philippines gave a sigh of relief, exhausted from everything that had happended. Someone then patted his shoulder. "Y'know, sighing is a sign of your happiness escaping, Sunshine." Philippines looked up to see who it was. He was met with Russia's warm smile, as Russia sat on the patch of grass beside him. "Oh, hey Ruski. Sorry, I'm just a bit tired." Philippines said, giving a light-hearted smile. "After everything you've been through, tired would be an understatement." Russia says with a small chuckle before looking up to the sky. Philippines only returned the short laughter and followed Russia's gaze into the night sky.

There was a short pause before Russia started speaking once again. "Philip, listen, you probably know that everyone overheard your little moment with America." Russia says as he looks at Philippines, only receiving a nod as a response. "It's just that, I don't think it's right that America should have a 'partner' for now. He needs a shoulder to lean on, not a pair of lips to kiss." Russia continues as Philippines slowly understands what he was trying to say. 'Russia was right', Philippines thought. "What are you telling me this for? Aren't you dating him? Shouldn't he be the one to know this?" Philippines gave a fair point with his questions.

Russia only nodded and proceeded to stand up and go to where America was seated. Once they were seated next to each other, Philippines could no longer hear the conversation and can only hope for the best.

However, out of the corner of his eye, were two other countries

headed straight for him. Before he could react, Philippines was tackled into a hug by Malaysia and Indonesia. Laughter emerged from the three as they let go of the hug. The three talked for a while, chatting about the things they have planned together and whatnot. Philippines hasn't realized it yet, but it's almost like he's completely forgave them at that point. It wasn't their fault after all.

After a while, Malaysia and Indonesia leaves Philippines alone for his thoughts. Well, of course, not completely alone as three other countries came running towards Philippines. Two of the said countries gave another embrace to Philippines as the other one only smiled and chuckled. It was Spain, Mexico and Romania. Philippines laughed and rejoiced in the sudden reunion of the four as Mexico and Romania were still as playful as ever. It was reminiscent of their times together under Spain's rule. Mexico and Romania sat at Philippines' left side while Spain sat on the other.

"Y'know, you got me so worried when I heard about the news. I was scared. And if I got there quicker then maybe they wouldn't have..." Spain stops himself, not wanting Philippines to relive the pain. Philippines only looks down at the ground as he replies. "It wasn't your fault. It should be mine, honestly. I was the one who started that anyways. Now, they're probably in a much better place. They're probably with," Philippines says as he looks up to the starry sky, ", Mom and Dad." He finishes, still in awe at the stars of the night sky.

After a while of sight-seeing, a cough was heard from behind the four. They turned around to see Japan, Brunei, South Korea, Singapore, China, Thailand, Hong Kong and Timor, Philippines' other Asian friends. "Is it our turn with Philip yet?" South Korea says in a childish voice. Spain laughs at the remark. "C'mon, Mexico, Romania. Sunshine, over here, still has others to deal with." Spain says, getting up and walking away from Philippines with the two other countries behind him.

Philippines slightly laughed as the countries all gathered around him, being in between Brunei and Japan. "Let me guess, here to say sorry?" Philippines says in a somewhat playful manner. The other countries were embarrassed as Philippines knew exactly what was going on inside their head. Philippines only smiled as he continues. "Like I said, it's gonna be hard. It's not like I can forgive you just

like that. But I'm willing to put the past in the past, history stays as history. Give me time, that's all I need." Philippines says, looking up to the sky as the countries do the same. "And time we'll give, Philip. We all have our own faults anyways." Brunei says, still focused on the stars that spread across the horizon. "Couldn't agree more. If you ever need us, we'll be there." Japan continues for Brunei. "We won't make the same mistake again, never again." China says as he closes both his eyes and rests on the grass. "Yup! And we'll be there to make you even happier than before!" South Korea says in an enthusiastic voice. The other Asian countries did their vows, made their promises and tied up loose ends.

After their conversation has ended, countries started to leave and head back to their own homes, it was already late anyways. They said their goodbyes to one another as they packed up and drove off. Philippines stayed and had seen everyone go home peacefully even though he, himself, was tired too. However, there was one country who didn't leave just yet. America.

"So, have you and Russia... talked?" Philippines asks, trying to avoid awkward small talk. "Yup, he was right anyways. I have to get my head out of the clouds." America jokes as Philippines gave a small giggle. "Today's been rough, huh? Just a few hours ago, I was crying myself to sleep." Philippines says as he gazes at the sunrise.

"Tired?" America asks sitting down on the field, signaling Philippines to join him. "Exhausted." Philippines answers, sitting down beside America. It was a peaceful silence, no one said anything and that was okay. For a while, everyone was left with their thoughts, until America started speaking again. "You know I'm sorry, right? Even if you won't forgive me?" Philippines only laughs at America's words. "I said I'll try. For now, just let the sun shine."

They both sat still there for a while, staring off into the horizon...

Maybe this wasn't such a bad day after all, tiring but not so bad...

The Night Sky, that was once glittered with Stars, was now gone...

The Sunrise was the only thing they wanted to keep their eyes on...

But one Star definitely shined even brighter than the Sun...

The End.

Christmas Special

It's been months since the conflict between the countries...

Today's quite the special day for them...

It's the 24th of December...

Though, someting's up with the countries...

Again...

"Philipppp!" Malaysia and Indonesia shouts in booming voices. "Where does this basket go again?" Malaysia asks. popping out of the kitchen, bringing a basket filled with fruits. "And we ran out of Christmas Lights!" Indonesia says from the other side of the room they were in. Philippines sighs a bit, "Just place it in the middle, Mal. And there's more lights and decor in the other room, Indo." He says as he continues on with his cooking. "Looks amazing, but could you add just a tiny bit of wasabi?" Japan peaks at Philippines' dishes as he tries to place in a teaspoon full of wasabi. "Sorry Japan, but not all countries would want spicy stuff on Christmas." Philippines says as Japan gets visibly disappointed.

"Mexico! Romania! Don't play arou-!" Spain was able to say before a shattering sound interrupts him. "Sorry about that, Philip! I'll get you a new one!" Spain says as he starts to clean up the mess of Romania and Mexico. Philippines shakes his head and tries to brush it off. "Hey Philip, mind if I take a few drinks?" Canada asks, popping up seemingly from nowhere and surprising Philippines. "Y-Yeah... i-in the fridge... just don't do that again." Philippines says, catching his breath. Canada smiles and says a swift 'thank you' as he takes a few beverages and heads over to the other room. He plops down on the couch beside his brother, America, and across both Ukraine and Germany, while Brunei amd Singapore sits on their right side. He passes them all their preferred drink as America continues to chat. "The other day was absolute hell, buying gifts right before Christmas was painful. Extremely painful." America

states whilst popping open a can of Coke. "Well, you should've listened to Philip and get gifts earlier. And besides, it couldn't have been *that* horrible." Germany says in his distinctive accent while taking a shot of alcohol.

"Philip!" America calls from his seat. "Did we ever get the gifts wrapped already?" America asks, still lounging on the couch. "Yeah, we already did. Last night, remember?" Philippines sighs again before shouting back from the kitchen. America scratches the back of his head as Ukraine laughs, "So what's happening between you two? Are you guys... you know?" Brunei nervously asks America. The room falls quiet, awaiting America's response. "Well... you see... we'r-" America was able to say before they hear a vehicle stopping from outside. "Right! Where's Sunshine?!" Russia's booming voice along with his accent was heard shouting from outside before bursting through the front door. "Russia, calm down. And tone it down a bit, will you?" Israel's smaller figure appears behind Russia. "Glad you two could come." Ukraine says as he motions for them to take a seat. Russia sits down near Ukraine and Germany but Israel decides to head towards the kitchen and promptly decides to greet Philippines as America glares at him from the living room, watching Israel with caution and jealousy.

Israel then took out what seemed to be a box and tapped on Philippines' shoulder. Philippines turned to be met by Israel's gleeful smile. "Season's greetings, *my Angel!*" Israel shouts aloud, handing Philippines a gift box as Spain, Japan, Russia and America start to stare at Israel from different rooms. "Oh! Israel! You're here!" Philippines puts aside the gift and leaps into Israel's arms with enthusiasm. "I'm so glad you could make it." Philippines says as Israel lets him go. "Why don't you place this by the table near Ame?" Philippines says as he continues fixing up a few more platters filled with food. Israel nods but hesitates as he looks back to meet America's grumpy look. He gulps as he starts to head towards the other countries. America then stands up and confronts Israel. "Glad you could join us, *pal.*" America says with his intimidating and firm body build, holding out his hand as Israel's sweat drips from his forehead. "G-Glad to be h-here." Israel stumbles with his words as he reaches his own hand out and attempts to shake America's hand. America then squeezes it tightly, making

Israel wince in pain. Before America could torture Israel's hand any further, Philippines enters the living room in a whole new outfit.

"Right. I'll be heading out for a while. I really need a break." Philippines says as he heads out the door. "Help yourselves to some snacks or something. I'll be back soon." Philippines says before closing the door behind him. The other countries feel a pang of guilt as they watch the restless Philippines leave. Philippines, on the other hand, heads towards his safe haven. Nearby Philippines' home is a hill where his parents and siblings are buried. He heads there and plops down on the soft green grass below him as he starts to speak. "Hey mom, dad, Kuya Martial, Kuya Del Pilar. It's Christmas. Again." He looks off onto the sunset. "I remember all the amazing food you cook during *Noche Buena*, mom. And I remember you taking us for *Simbang Gabi,* dad. I remember us opening all the presents in the morning, Kuya Del and Kuya Martial." Philippines then starts to tear up. "It doesn't feel the same. I m-miss you. I-I'm sorry. I'm s-so sorry." Philippines cries into his hands and releases moans and groans of despair. "It's i-ironic, huh? Isn't it *the most wonderful time of the year?"* Philippines says before crying once more and releasing heavy tears.

Philippines cries louder and with even more sadness as he lets out all his bottled up emotions. For a while, he couldn't think of anything. His mind went blank. His tears start to block his vision as the cold air surrounds him.

But then he feels a soft blanket fall onto him, it's warmth winning over the chilled atmosphere. He looks up to see America smiling over him, his soft smile comforts him. Philippines wipes away his tears and attempts to stand but his knees and legs deemed too weak. But before Philippines could fall, America sweeps the former off his feet. "Hey now, you'll be alright. Trust me. You'll be just fine. Time will pass and heal your wounds. It always does." America says as Philippines buries his red face into America's chest. America's warmth radiates from his body, comforting Philippines a bit more. America laughs, "C'mon. Let's head back inside. It's getting dark." America says as he continues to carry Philippines until they get back home.

Once arriving, America gently opens the door to reveal a dark

atmosphere with no one to be seen. "Where are the others? And why's it so dark?" Philippines ask while America sets him back down on the ground. "I thought we could have... y'know... a time when... it's just the two of us." America says as he lights up candles on the dining table and pulls a chair for Philippines to sit on. Philippines sits down as America sets himself across the table. "Honestly, this is quite nice. A fancy dinner in my own home." Philippines says with a slight hint of laughter. "Just the two of us?" America asks. "Just the two of us." Philippines respond. The two then spent their dinner talking and chatting, not caring about anything else in the world or anything else around them. They were laughing as America jokes around, digging in the delicious taste of Philippines' cooking and just having fun. After a while of laughing about how America struggles to twirl spaghetti with his fork, the two stops for a while and smile at each other. "Phil... I... I got something to say..." America says while stumbling around. "Hmm? What is it?" Philippines asks with curiosity. But before America could continue, a large explosion was heard outside.

Alarmed, Philippines heads out to investigate as America pockets what ever he was holding and follows. They were met their friends launching fireworks. "Just like that one time, right Philip?" America asks Philippines as he plops down on the ground in front of their home. Philippines eyes wonder in marvel at the sight of the colorful and bright fireworks exploding in the sky. "Yeah. But that one time wasn't as beautiful as this." Philippines says as he sits down beside America. It then started to snow while the other countries were having fun in the open field. America looks at Philippines with loving eyes as the latter watches the firework show. "But someone else is more beautiful." America quietly mumbles but was heard by Philippines. "Hmm? What was that? Sorry, it's just... wow." Philippines says, looking back to America and back at explosions. America laughs while Philippines continues. "Oh right, weren't you gonna tell me something?" Philippines snaps back to America. "Hmm? Oh. Yeah." America looks down. "Let's just enjoy this for now. That can wait...." America says as they set their eyes on the show once more....

"I can wait..." America quietly murmurs to himself...

He takes out a small box out of his pocket...

He opens it, revealing a small ring inside glittered with diamonds...

He closes the box and puts in back into his pocket...

He puts his arm around Philippines and pulls him closer...

"Merry Christmas, my Sunshine."